

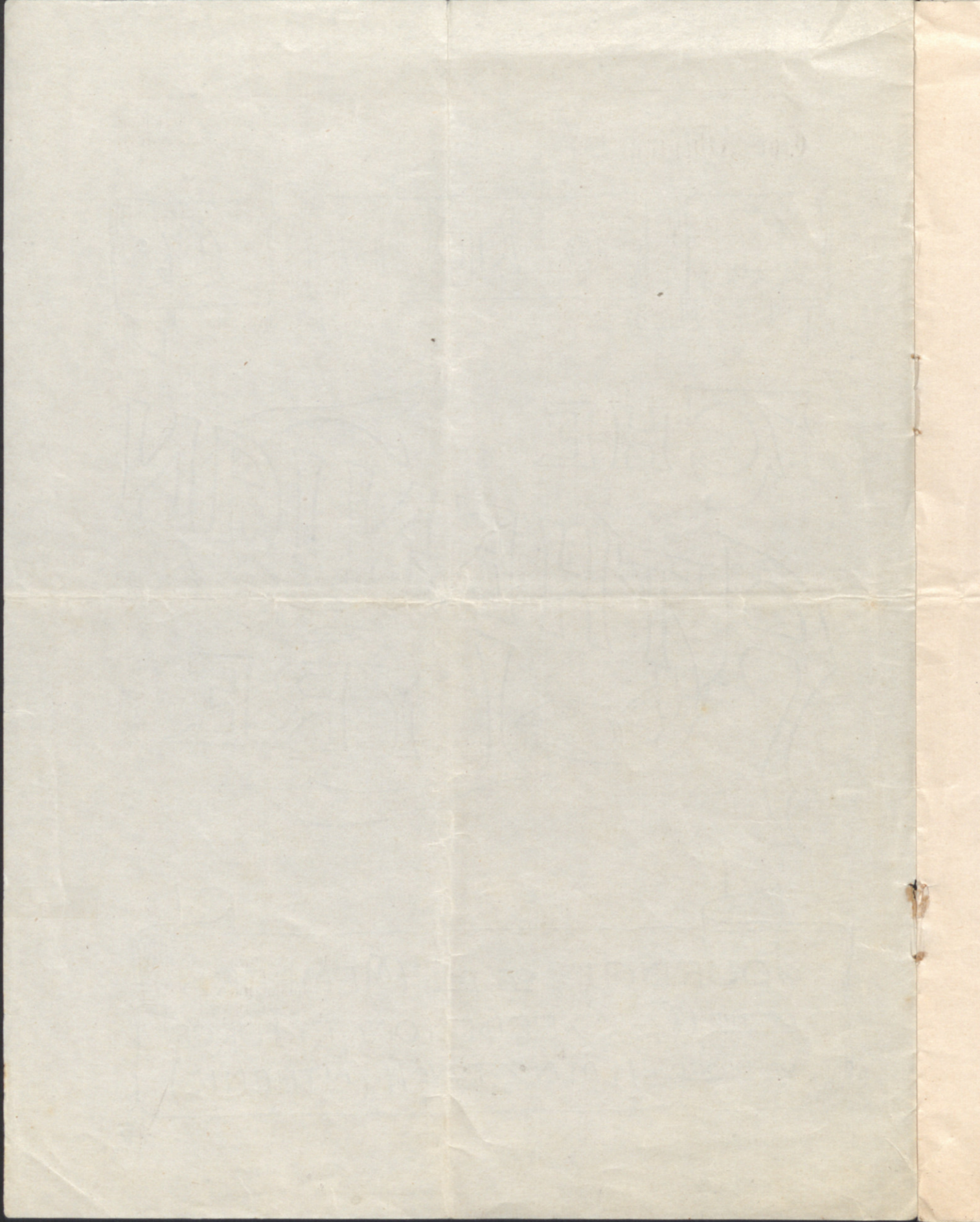
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THE ATHENIAN LYRE

JOURNAL OF THE MEMBERS
OF THE N.Z. EXPEDITIONARY FORCE
ON BOARD H.M.N.Z.T. No 11 (ATHENIC).

#10



The Athenian Lyre.

Published Anywhere.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is usual for an Editor, more especially of a paper on its first public appearance, to make a few personal observations. The Editor first of all desires to congratulate all his readers on their speedy recovery from the first, and, he trusts, the last, attack of mal de mer. For this speedy recovery we are greatly indebted to the extraordinary good luck in the weather which has followed us in all our camps, and still goes with us. May this continue!

Now for more personal matters. The Editor desires to remind his readers that this is his first literary venture, and that the results of his efforts must be judged accordingly.

Any suggestions or criticisms are heartily welcomed, and any contributions will be most gratefully received. In order to ascertain general opinion on the matter, it is proposed to start a prize competition, details of which are given in the following pages, for the best suggestion for a title for the paper, and a design for its outside cover.

It is proposed to produce a diary of our doings on board, so that those whose diaries have lapsed during the time that they took a far greater interest in what went on outside the ship than inside it, may have a chance to complete their records.

With these few notes, the "Athenian Lyre" is started on its career, and it is the most earnest wish of the Editor that it may prove of some interest to all on board, and a worthy memento of a unique occasion.

COMPETITION.

The Editor desires to notify his readers that he has instituted a Competition for the production of the most suitable cover design and title of this paper.

The Competition will close with the Editor (Captain Hamilton) by 10 a.m. on Saturday next.

First Prize £1

Second 10/

Third 5/

LOCAL GOSSIP.

Is the armourer-sergeant aware of the fate of Absolum? or what has the barber done?

The Postmaster-General (L.-Cpl. Collyns) is very worried. Is it because the mails are due?

They say that L.-Corporal Pender was drafted from the Boy Scouts at the instigation of Baden Powell.

It has been officially announced that "Admiral Togo" has been promoted to the rank of Pioneer Sergeant. We trust that, in his new position, the late Admiral will find more scope for his exceptional talent.

Our worthy ambulance sergeant is making a meritorious recovery, under the inspiring influence of the sight of land. At times we almost despaired, but, thanks to a wiry constitution, and having lived a clean and immaculate life, we have hopes of pulling him through. Praises be.

Rumoured that there is a panic in the sergeants' mess (due to the possible shortage of food), owing to the advent of a new member, "with a lodger." Does the Record Office know anything of this?

We understand that the officers commenced the voyage with a putting competition into the strawberry boxes. Quite a number putted out in one, whilst others took several shots.

They say that Captain (Rev.) Taylor's services will be in request shortly. Rumour hath it that Sergeant Stocker's recent encounter with the elements has made him dissatisfied with his present existence.

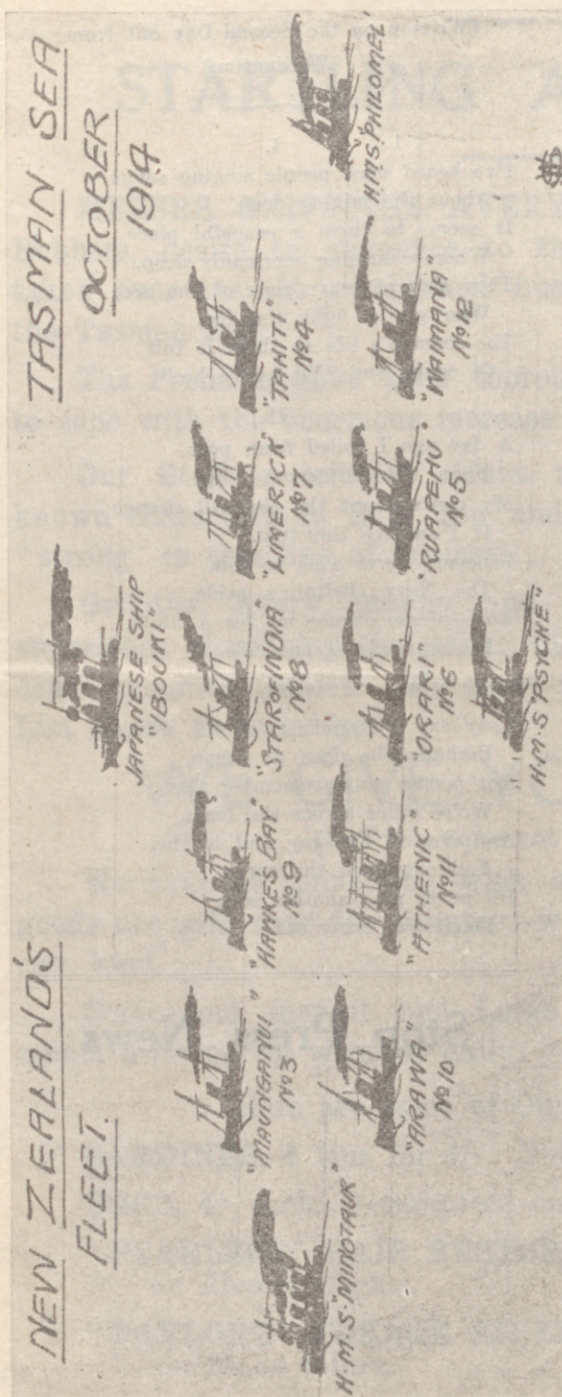
Q.M.S. Austin, a keen supporter of the "Lyre," has still a good supply of tales. They say that he has a fair capacity for holding them.

DIARY OF VOYAGE.

It was quite in keeping with the new order of things which has characterised the present war that the sailing of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force on the 16th October, 1914, was done quietly, almost unostentatiously. Although the excitement caused by the plaudits of a "farewelling" crowd was entirely absent, yet its absence made for dignity, even grimness. During the previous night the great, grey-painted transports, full of packed humanity, had changed position, and were formed in line. The rising sun, struggling through the fog, revealed them, straining at their anchors in the incoming tide. Out of the mist loomed two great battle cruisers. One, the H.M.S. Minotaur, the flagship of the China Station, the other ? ? ? a Japanese. Black smoke belched from their funnels as they slipped past for the open sea. From the British flagship came faintly the strains of a band, a distant cheer, and both vessels were soon smudged in the distance. Two small third-class cruisers, the H.M.S. Psyche and the H.M.S. Philomel, smoking impudently, followed. Then one by one the transports raised anchors, and soon, while the band on our ship played "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," Wellington receded in the distance. The last link with our native land was a small, tossing ferry boat outside Pencarrow Heads, from which some hardy and enthusiastic friends waved and shouted last farewells. It was the only touch of the past—even the most unimaginative for a brief moment must have wondered what the future portended. The transports were now formed in double line, while ahead and on our flank our escort scoured the sea. The fog had disappeared, the sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky, the sea made a cheerful swish as it curled away in white foam from the bows, and everyone seemed in the highest spirits. That evening the writer had occasion to go on the bridge. As all lights had been extinguished, it was necessary to grope along the deck and climb ladders innumerable. Once on the bridge, one with difficulty made out a figure at the wheel, alert and watchful. Dim forms moved noiselessly about. The very darkness seemed to call for silence; one spoke in whispers, seemingly as a matter of course. Below, the sea swayed gently. On the right, faint-coloured lights denoted the position of our consorts, while ahead the flagship winked in Morse to her neighbour. Of our escort

nothing could be seen. With every light extinguished, they were maintaining their ceaseless watch. One woke next morning with a strange feeling. The bed seemed to rise and fall, the sides of the cabin partition creaked and groaned. With an unrealising wonderment, you staggered and lurched on deck. Your stay there was only momentary. A wind drove mingled spray and rain in your face, while, as far as the eye could reach, you were confronted by an angry, tossing sea. With a sickly feeling you, as a matter of habit, wandered to the breakfast-table. There a grinning idiot at your elbow rudely asked if you would care for some nice fat pork on a string. No need to ask the purpose of the string. There came a sudden realisation. You did not linger long at the table! All that day a cross sea prevailed, while the weather was showery. In the rear the Limerick and Tahiti rolled and dipped. Our cruisers could be seen grimly pushing their bows into it, the water pouring back after every wave in a perfect cascade. It was an interesting study to watch the effect sea-sickness had on various individuals. Here, a man sprawled, his head hanging limply, his eyes with a dull, unseeing stare. Another with white face chattered feverishly or hummed a music-hall ditty. You could tell his gaiety was forced. Presently he would make a sudden dive to the side, and a few moments after would be another recruit to the sprawling, dull-eyed brigade. A few old stagers paced the deck, to the "greener" achieving the seeming incredible by calmly smoking! Through it all a stalwart figure on the bridge, with feet planked widely apart, waved fluttering flags in semaphore. The following day (Sunday), the weather had cleared, but a heavy ground swell prevailed. A sorely depleted band, minus a conductor, struggled bravely through the service at church parade. One cannot but refer to the good services of these heroes. The inspiring effect music has on the men is wonderful. The band will certainly be no small factor in relieving the tedium of the voyage. On Monday the sea abated somewhat, the following day being comparatively calm. Needless to say, the return of the weather to normal has had a corresponding effect on the sick, and all are about again, with, let us hope, their sea legs. To-day the sun is shining, the sea, with a gentle ripple, seems entirely innocent of any previous misbehaviour, and we are slowly steaming past wooded hills, and will soon be anchored at Hobart.

Plan of the Transport Fleet



QUERIES.

Why doesn't the soldier receive his deferred pay? Because he hasn't got his "Brandon."

Why does the regimental orderly-room sergeant look such a big gun? Is it because he has commandeered an artillery coat?

The Editor and staff of the "Lyre" will gladly answer any questions of any description whatsoever.

SPORTING, ETC.

RACING.

TIPS FROM THE COURSE.

(By the "Colonel.")

The Athenic, with Sloan up, is a hot proposition for the Orderly Room Stakes.

WRESTLING.

A match has been arranged for a large steak (?) between Tam o' Shanter and the cook-sergeant, catch-as-catch-can, best of three falls.

BOXING.

They say that Jimmy Hagerty, Maoriland-er's lightweight, took the count in the first round of his encounter with Father Neptune.

An officer going his rounds at dinner time at a Territorial camp, asking the usual question: "Any complaints, men?" received a complaint from one mess, who were having soup.

"Well, what is the matter with it?" inquired the officer.

"Well, there's no end of sand and grit in it," replied the mess orderly.

"Now, look here," said the officer, "did you come to camp to grumble or serve your country?"

"Well, I did come here to serve my country, sir, but not to eat it."

H.M. N.Z. TROOPSHIP No. 11.

LATE WHITE STAR LINER

R.M.S. ATHENIC.

Gross tonnage, 12,234; length, 500ft; breadth, 63ft.; horse-power, 4,400; guns, 2 4.7in.

LIST OF SHIP'S OFFICERS.

Lieut. J. E. Crossland, R.N.R., R.D. (in Command).
 Commander G. A. Alcock, R.N.R., R.D. (Chief Officer).
 Mr. W. H. Yates 1st Officer
 Mr. C. Serigo 2nd "
 Mr. E. F. Hughes 3rd "
 Mr. H. R. Ellis 4th "
 Mr. G. J. Netherton 5th "
 Dr. J. Henry Frye, M.D. Surgeon.
 Mr. S. C. J. Freeman-Matthews ... Purser.
 Engineer-Commander Robt. Reid, R.N.R.,
 Chief Engineer.
 Mr. D. Whiteford 2nd "
 Mr. H. Purvis 3rd "
 Mr. F. S. Banks 4th "
 Mr. S. J. Richardson 5th "
 Mr. C. M. Clarke 6th "
 Mr. C. Newton 1st. Ref. Egr.
 Mr. F. W. Randell 2nd Ref. Egr.
 Mr. H. Eastwood Boilermaker.
 Mr. F. Brennan Electrician.
 Mr. Wm. Hughes Chief Steward.
 Mr. G. E. Cook Marconi Operator.
 And a Crew of 153.

They were both retired officers, and had just been introduced in the smoking-room of the club.

"Do you know, colonel," said the major, "I cannot help thinking I have met you before?"

"And, strangely enough, sir, I have a very similar feeling with regard to you."

"Were you at the storming of Flareup-atum?"

"I was, major."

"And were you present at the time the fort exploded and blew up the entire place?"

"I had that honour!"

"Then, now I know where I have seen you before. I passed you as you were going up and I was coming down. Your hand, colonel!"

SONG OF THE SEA.

(Written on the Second Day out from Wellington.)

I.

I've heard some people singing songs
 About the mighty deep,
 It seems to them a peaceful place
 Where charming mermaids sleep.
 They sing of brave sons of the sea,
 Who go to fight the foe,
 The seaman's life to them is full
 Of songs and "Yo, heave ho."

II.

A day ago I sailed from port
 Upon this transport ship,
 My views about the sea will change
 If I survive this trip.
 I never, never wish to join
 The Navy, Britain's pride,
 And—please excuse me for a while,
 I'm wanted—at the side.

III.

They say Britannia rules the waves,
 Perhaps she does at home,
 But people must remember that
 We're miles across the foam,
 And even if I'm gay and bright,
 And out upon the spree,
 I'll never sing another song
 About the briny sea.

Stop Press News

ATTENTION !!

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT

MESSRS. GRIFFITHS, AVERY, MAYNE, & CO., Wholesale and Retail Robbers, desire to announce to their numerous patrons that they have taken over the old established business situated at No. 11 (at present in the Tasman Sea).

The Premises have been thoroughly renovated, and are now suitable to cope with the enormous increase in business that is expected.

Our Staff is without doubt second to none, including such well-known characters as Sam Son and Wit Lee. The former is particularly "strong" in this line of business.

Griffiths, Avery, Mayne, and Co. having had a large and extensive experience of robbing the public, customers may expect to be treated in the usual generous fashion. We make nothing out of our business, our Price List shows that, in fact

WE GIVE YOU THE GOODS

(But you have got to pay for the Coupons).

We have no connection with any other firm on the ocean. All our goods are sold over the counter—we have nothing to do with "Hawkins" of any kind.

Come and inspect our Large and Assorted Stock. Fresh consignments arriving by wireless daily.

Here are some of Our **SPECIAL BARGAINS** :—

SARDINES, 4 tins for 1/- Nothing can touch them.

EGGS, 4/- each. Guaranteed one Egg, one Chicken.

"PEARLESS" HAIR RESTORER, 21/- a bottle. Will grow whiskers on Electric Lights.

"TAYLOR'S" FORAGE ESSENCE, 2/- a bottle. Try a bottle and dodge stables in future.

Now then boys "Russell" along and buy your Coupons. You might as well be robbed by us as anyone else.

H. E. AVERY, Chief Robber.

UP-TO-DATE DENTISTRY

MR.

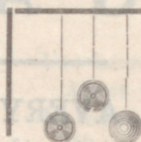
Announces that he will attend daily on this
Boat Deck to Extract Teeth

Absolutely Painless

The Band will attend to drown the shrieks!
No extra charge for drawing the wrong
tooth, or dragging the Patient more than once
round the deck.

Don't miss this opportunity!
It will never occur again !!

Stupendous Announcement !
Staggers Humanity !!



**Isaac
Brandonstein**

Note the **ONLY** Address :

No. 11 THE PACIFIC

Money Advanced TO ANY AMOUNT on NO
SECURITY AT ALL

Money for Nothing

This Offer is only open for Five Minutes !

SO!

ROLL UP in Thousands !

BOYS ROLL UP !

TO ALL TO WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN.

Those requiring a First-class

MARINE SCRAPE
OR A

REGIMENTAL HAIR CUT

Should not fail to parade at

PVT. CHARLIE MALLOY'S SALOON

at time suitable to themselves, to have
these requirements attended to.

Civility and no Cheek Guaranteed.

NO TICK.

"Under the spreading iron mast,

The old Ship's Smithy stands."

He's a TAILOR by trade, and a Tailor
by name,

The tale of the tailor is always the same ;

Though a snip of the old school, his
methods are modern,

A good fit he'll assure you and that is
no cod 'em.

BHUTZE—Sold and Healed at gratefully
Redooed Prycis. Old Bhutz maid
like noo by the Bhutemaker.

Sergt. Address: No. 3 HOLD

Receiving Hours—8 to 9 a.m.

Never mind when we work.

Bills delivered between 4 and 5 p.m.

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